

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

A FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT.

We offer the best security in the city and pay semi-annual dividends.

AS A SAVINGS BANK

this institution offers special inducements. Paid up shares \$50 each. Installment shares \$1 per month. Shares may be subscribed for at any time. For further information address

THE PEOPLE'S PERPETUAL LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

WM. F. WINCH,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Masonic Temple. Jan4-tf

RAILROADS

N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 22, 1892.

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

7:00 a. m. for Bristol and Intermediate stations.
9:45 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol, also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elk Horn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton.
11:30 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, a d Bristol. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.
NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.
7:15 a. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.
12:30 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Parlor car Roanoke to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and B. & O. R. R. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to Norfolk.
12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk.
9:35 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
10:30 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and New York via Harrisburg.
Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (12th street station) 7:45 a. m. daily and 2:00 p. m. daily for South Boston and Durham and Intermediate stations.
Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) 9:45 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. daily for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and Intermediate stations.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to

W. B. BEVELL,
General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

S. A. & O. R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT 12:01 A. M.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1891.

First Class. Second Class. Third Class.

No. 3, No. 1. No. 2, No. 4.

STATIONS.

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WAS attracted to Pinky by his great liveliness and the fact that

he wore a portion of the uniform of a district messenger boy. "It may be,"

I thought, "that all messenger boys are not born tired, but that this is a condition affecting them only when on duty."

Pinky, I concluded, was not on duty; he was untroubled only as to trousers,

and he was, as I have said, most agreeably vivacious and alert.

I first saw him emerging from a basement coffee shop, from which, as he passed a table near the door, he acquired an extra doughnut, with great skill and neatness. On the sidewalk he met a uniformed companion.

"Hallo, Stubby."

"Hallo, Pinky."

They were passing each other with this when Pinky produced the doughnut and grinned. Stubby looked at it, then at the coffee shop and then he grinned.

"Give us a piece."

"Pinky broke the cake and was passing half to Stubby, when he hesitated and asked:

"Got a cigarette?"

"Nav."

"You're a liar."

Then Stubby grinned, produced a package, gave Pinky a cigarette, took half the doughnut and departed slowly.

Pinky lighted up and started rapidly down the street, but stopped suddenly in front of a hand organ on which was seated a little, pink-nosed white poodle, holding a tiny basket in its mouth.

Pinky made a motion of depositing money in the basket and the shivering poodle made a motion of kissing his hand. It was the poodle's one poor little trick and it amused Pinky enormously. He made the dog do it over and over and again, to the rage of the organ grinder.

"Go away, you leetle-a hoodlum-a!"

Then Pinky was in a rage. He glared at the organist with his eyes contracted and chin extended, and said in a low, threatening growl:

"So, you call me a hoodlum ag'in' an' I'll take a fall out of you!"

The Italian, who was a big, muscular fellow with two sound legs tucked under him and two wooden stumps strapped to his knees sticking out in front of him, looked ready to spring to his feet and demolish Pinky.

"So, I'm on to you, young felly. If you jump me de cop will see yer wood legs is fakes and run you off de beat. See?"

Pinky grinned after saying this and made the poodle kiss his hand again, and then discovered that it was ravenously interested in the greasy doughnut Pinky still carried.

"Oh, de purp's hungry; let's feed him," and he took the basket and began feeding the famished poodle, while the Italian nearly had a fit from rage.

"Well, so long, young felly," exclaimed Pinky, when he had fed the poodle paddy; "I'll be along to-morrow, an' if you have whaled de purp fer eating de sinker, I'll put de cop on to yer fake legs."

Pinky replaced the basket in the poodle's mouth, patted his head, grinned at the organist, shook his fist at him and started down the street at a sprinting pace. I hurried after him from the show window I had been pretending to examine, but his pace was such that I surely would have lost him had he not come into violent collision with a youngster about his size who was supplanting the progress of a mechanical toy across the sidewalk.

"Who you running into, kid?" exclaimed the toy vender, picking up his sample toy—a yellow ostrich, driven by a green man in a red cart—and placing it by the side of his stock of goods on the edge of the sidewalk. Pinky really had the wind knocked out of him by the collision and could not reply at once. He was rubbing his hands in front of him. I had seen that trick before and suspected what was to follow—and grinning, as he slowly approached the unsuspecting toy boy, without a word or sign of warning Pinky's right flew out and his fist landed hard and flush on the mouth of the amazed vender.

There was a short but lively rally at close quarters, in which Pinky was getting all the best of it (belonging to the leisure class, he had more time for the practice of the manly art of attack) when the gathered crowd was parted by the slow and dignified entrance of the ring of a policeman.

"Stop that!" exclaimed the officer.

The boys' arms fell to their sides.

"What's all this about?"

The toy vender really did not seem to know what it was all about, and was silent, but Pinky explained, without a second's hesitation:

"Why, Officer Mullin, dis kid was blocking up de whole sidewalk wid his tin toys, an' a lady nearly fell over one an' broke her leg, an' I says to him: 'Let de lady pass; does de whole sidewalk belong to yuse?' An' he says he pays de cop—de officer, I mean—for not running him in, an' knowing you, Mr. Mullin, I says he lies, an' he tries to tump me an'—"

The crowd giggled and the officer scowled.

"Pinky," he said, "you are a little liar. Go on about your business, or I'll run you in for fighting; and you"—to the other boy—"keep your toys off the sidewalk, or I'll run you in."

Then the officer moved off, slowly, and still with dignity. While Pinky was waving his little romance, every eye was fixed on his eloquent lips; every one's eyes except mine. I had discovered a peculiar motion of Pinky's feet. The tin ostrich and driver were being skillfully drawn apart from the stock of toys and when the officer moved off the toy was between Pinky's shoes.

As the officer disappeared Pinky dropped his soft hat, with which he had been pretending to wipe his eyes, and stepping back as he did so the hat fell over the toy. When he picked it up and resumed his dabs at his dry eyes I knew the toy was safely his and wickedly rejoiced.

Then Pinky darted off again and I would have had great difficulty in following him had he not stopped every time he came to a toy seller—the street was lined with them—to inquire if they were suffering for a fight, to black-guard them, and sometimes to snatch off their caps to shy them under the wheels of passing vehicles. Suddenly we came upon a toy seller surrounded by a group of smiling people. Pinky edged in and I followed. The prettiest child you ever saw, a girl four or five years old, was crouching and laughing in mad delight over a strutting tin ostrich drawing the accustomed green man and red cart. Her joy was so hilarious that a crowd of smiling people had stopped to share it.

"Oh, mamma, I want it!" she exclaimed at last, and she grabbed up the toy and hugged it to her bosom in an ecstasy of happiness. A woman very poorly but carefully dressed answered in a low voice, in which there was sadness: "Come, Dorothy, mamma won't buy it now; some other day."

"But, mamma, I love it. Please give it to Do!"

The woman took from a very small purse a dime and offered it to the vender.

"Dem walking toys is two bits," the boy said, with scorn.

The woman replaced the coin, flushed slightly, and, taking the child's hand, said: "Come, Dorothy, put down the toy. We'll buy something else pretty."

Dorothy's eyes filled and her lips trembled. "No fine else is so boofool," she said, and, putting down the toy, walked away with her mother, choking, but determined not to make a scene.

Pinky and I followed them. It was several blocks before they turned into a quieter side street, and then Pinky overtook them. "Here, little girl, dis is fer youse," said Pinky, producing the toy he had sequestered. The child uttered a cry of delight and had the toy in her arms in an instant.

"I—I cannot buy it; I am sorry," the mother said.

"Tain't for sale," replied Pinky.

"It's a Christmas present."

"You are a very kind boy," the lady said, smiling sweetly; "but my little girl must not take your toy."

The situation was becoming involved and set about with social complexities which were too intricate for Pinky's primitive understanding. He looked a puzzled moment at the woman, grinned very good-naturedly at the child, and then, with startling suddenness, turned and ran as if for his life.

"Dis is fer youse."

I lost him then, for he turned like a rabbit at the first corner. Having devoted three-quarters of an hour in a profitless but pleasing study of Pinky, I found myself just that much late for an engagement at my club, and hurried there, making up a proper excuse as I went. Just as I reached the street entrance I was overtaken by the man my engagement was with, who said:

"You got my note, then?"

"Your note?"

"I sent one here an hour ago, saying I should be detained. Heavens! what a racket!"

Down the street surged a mob of men and boys of all conditions, surrounding two fighting dogs. Nearest the fighters was Pinky, and over all the other noises came his voice:

"Leave 'em alone, I say! de're even match, even weight. Let 'em fight!"

A policeman interrupted and, as a preliminary means of securing peace, aimed a kick at Pinky. He avoided the kick neatly, so as to let it land on an inoffensive old gentleman, and squirming out of the crowd, to my surprise, darted toward me.

"Here comes the very boy I gave the note to. Here, you young brat! Didn't I give you a note an hour ago to deliver at this club?" Not for any space of a second was Pinky embarrassed.

"Yes, sir; but I'm sorry, sir; dere was a runaway an'—"

"And you were killed, I suppose," interrupted my friend.

"No sir; it happened to be me poor old father, sir; his legs was broken, sir, and I had to tell the ambulance driver where to take him, sir."

"If the little beggar's father was really run over I'd better give him a dollar," said my friend, who is sympathetic and credulous.

"Give him a dollar, anyhow," I suggested.—Chicago Post.

A Bulldog's Bodyguard.

An old man living in a tumble-down house was asked why he continued to keep about his premises a large and increasing family of worthless curs of small sizes. "Well, I'll tell you," he answered confidentially. "I have got a large bulldog—a regular fighting dog—which I keep in my house, and I keep these other dogs around the place to keep off anybody who might come around to steal the bulldog."—Chicago Journal

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

NEW YORK, May 31.—[Special].—Exchange quiet and strong, 487½@489.

Commercial bills, 489½@488. Money easy, 1½@1½ closing offered at 1½. Sub-treasury balances—gold, \$102,653,000; currency, \$21,440,000. Government bonds neglected, steady—4½, 117. State bonds neglected.

A. C. A. 2-38. 103

N. & W. prof. 45½

N. C. B. 58. 107

N. Pac. 103. 103

N. C. 68. 103. 125

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